King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
King. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo, rewards hee my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,
The moſt arch-acts of pittious maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their inocent alablaſter armes,
Their lipes like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in there ſommer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,
which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villian ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heare he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrell*, and I happy in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your hapyneſſe, bee happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrill*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath b
But how or in what place I doe not kno
King. Come to mee *Tirrill* ſoone after
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their d
Meane time but thinke how I may do th
And be inheritor of thy deſire,
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp clo
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abraha*
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmo*
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daug
And by that knot lookes proudly ore th
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer.
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou co
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encrea
King Ely with *Richmond* troubles me
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leueld ar
Come I haue heard that fearefull comme
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leades impotent and ſnaile-pac't
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſ
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue

Enter Queene Margret

Qu. Mar. So now proſperity begins to
And drop into the rotten mouth or death
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſari
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)